So Bad

Analog Brothers

[Kool Keith]
Yeah man, I just got home man... yeah
I was on tour with Prince and them
I did 32 shows with James Brown
Madonna just got home too, we all just got off tour
We have three buses, followin' each other
Yeah... AhFlamboyant status, Don Cornelious called me up on Soul Train
Lavish livin' with diamonds... limo service
Big Continental Lincoln bringin' me to LAX
Fans by the millions, catrillions
Tickets sold about two million
At the Great Western Forum I had somethin' for 'em
Headlinin' over Toto and 702, Lil' Kim and Foxy
Openin' up for the big rock star with a hot car
On stage like the Shilights, legendary with bright lights
Signin' autographs for the Warner Brothers and the Def Jam staff
Sooped up to the max with a platinum Brahmin, fog lights
Excitin', girls scream for me like Elvis
I'm all shook up with the hook up
32 shows in the United States booked up
European tours, walkin' in gold hotels with marble floors
Private jets, Michael Jordan my plane is startin' to boardin'
Bank of America, versatile, make the teller smile
Cashin' four hundred thousand dollar checks
To buy a boa constrictor to sit around my neck
Travel with sound crew that's comin' from SoundView
Keith Korg, last name Burtman, don't want to hurt men
While managers walk out we jerk men
I move up with thrust, that's right... I'm out there[Chorus]
Yeah, you know when I was a kid, my mama used to tell me..
Don't be So Bad, don't be So Bad, don't be So Bad
When I was a kid, my mama used to tell me..
Don't you be So Bad, don't be So Bad, don't be So Bad[Silver Synth]
Silv Synth, the slickest lane struck with this
Famous frame, plus I mack a million, chameleon
Identity switch pitch, never re-glitching, gamin' on 'em
Top models I'm gainin' on 'em
Trainin' 'em to have me nuttin' solid as titanium
Wasn't frontin' when I started slangin' 'em

I mean, I put 'em on, with the need to alc 'em on, now I'm spawnin' 'em
A new breed of poontang and now I'm flauntin' 'em
On the boulevard hard, touch my girl get scarred
This pimp thang - got me holdin' heat and everythang
Pushin' Ferrari's, kitted out, small diamonds - fit 'em out
Rocked up and head swoll, though I couldn't get locked up
On a roll, if it wasn't a Silver thang it'd be gold
I'm up now, but wish I took ear to what I was told
(Blaow, blaow, blaow!)[Chorus][Kool Keith]
A.J. Lester, slacks with Stetson's, holdin' down the fort
Ridin' up the Westside Highway with a European model
Drivin' a frost white Cadillac El Daradoe
With an African-Asian from Zimbabwe, I'm doin' it my way
With a strip club I own in a 914 zone
Back from Detroit, excalibur with the fish tail
My personal chauffeur named Ismael
Pullin' long haul -
Bringin' 20 pairs of sneakers I bought from the Fox Hills Mall
World tour, supported by Budweiser for the best man, talkin' to a Sennheiser
Commercials on Channel 2 with girls from Spain, Lampin, and Peru
Callin' my man from Alaska named Tom who live in a igloo
Cellular phone from J&J, livin' day to day
Shoppin' bags on 5th Avenue with a dark black Maxi
With BET on the phone, my room is chrome
Pearl bathroom by the glass room
Much cubic space livin' on Payton Place[Chorus]

Songwriters
ANGIE APAROPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/